

King Midas and the Golden Touch

Early one morning, the old and mighty King Midas was dreaming about gold. He loved gold, everything about it! The way it glimmered in the sunlight and how he could use it to buy himself the most luxurious items he could ever imagine. It had always been his dream to be surrounded by beautiful gold statues. Suddenly, there was a loud knocking at the enormous, oak door. King Midas sighed. Every day, the villagers would come and complain to the King about their problems. Uninterested, bored and dazed, King Midas listened to his people for hours on end each day. Midas couldn't bear to listen to his people for very long. As the clock struck five, he rushed the last of the villagers out of his royal palace.

Feeling exhausted, he reached for his glistening crown which was sat on top of his silver head of hair. He placed the shimmering crown on his bedside table and fell into a deep slumber in his colossal king-sized bed. Instantly, he started to dream of gleaming gold...

All of a sudden, the king was awoken by a flickering in the corner of his eyes. Carefully, he prised them open. The feather-down pillow that was underneath his head had turned to solid gold. As quick as flash, he jumped up and put his old, withered feet into his velvet slippers. Amazingly, they too turned to gold.

"This is marvellous, it is what I have always dreamed of!" he exclaimed. He ran around the castle turning old, broken stones into beautiful golden ornaments. Then, he touched his table and chairs. On top of the table were delicate golden patterns and the chairs shimmered in the blazing hot Greek sunshine. However, when he sat down to eat, his food turned into luminous gold. When he tried to take a sip of water that too turned to gold. The days rolled by and Midas was surrounded by gorgeous golden belongings but he grew thinner and thinner, weaker and weaker. Why, he dared not touch his children in case he turned them into statues.

Before long, Midas became fed up. He longed to eat his favourite foods and to play with the children he adored. It felt like days went by, King Midas grew sadder and sadder. Crying with shame, he begged aloud for help. He knew he had been foolish in his dreams and not thought about the consequences carefully. He was filled with regret.

Completely overwhelmed, Midas sank into his ruby red throne and held his head in his lined hands. The marble floor beneath him began to quiver, he looked up and the room was spinning. As quick as it began, it stopped. Midas' eyes flashed open. Miraculously, he lay wide awake in his mahogany four poster bed. Underneath his head lay his soft, luxurious feather down pillow. He leapt to his feet and began to sprint through the palace. Everything had returned to normal. Midas breathed a sigh of relief and realised he had just been dreaming. Even though he loved gold, Midas knew that his dream wasn't very sensible. As quickly as he could, he ran to his children and gave them an enormous hug because he had missed them dearly. Thoughtfully, Midas looked at his children and promised never again to be so greedy.